

12

THE
S T O R Y
OF
S E M E L E.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Alter'd from the SEMELE of Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE. *R*

Set to Musick by Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



L O N D O N:

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[Price One Shilling.]

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A R G U M E N T.

AFTER *Jupiter's* Amour with *Europa*, the Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*, he again incenses *Juno* by a new Affair in the same Family, viz. with *Semele*, Neice to *Europa*, and Daughter to *Cadmus* King of *Thebes*. *Semele* is on the Point of Marriage with *Athamas*, a Prince of *Bœotia*; which Marriage is about to be solemnized in the Temple of *Juno*, Goddess of Marriages, when *Jupiter*, by ill Omens, interrupts the Ceremony, and afterwards transports *Semele* to a private Abode prepared for her; *Juno*, after many Contrivances, at length assumes the Shape and Voice of *Ino*, Sister to *Semele*; by the help of which Disguise and artful Insinuations, she prevails with *Semele* to make a Request to *Jupiter*, which being granted, must end in her Ruin.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.

CADMUS, *King of Thebes.*

ATHAMAS, *A Prince of Bœotia, in Love with, and
design'd to marry Semele.*

SOMNUS.

APOLLO.

JUNO.

IRIS.

SEMELE, *Daughter to Cadmus, belov'd by and in love
with Jupiter.*

INO, *Sister to Semele, in love with Athamas.*

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Chorus of Loves and Zephyrs.

Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

Attendants.

SCENE BOEOTIA.

The



The STORY of
S E M E L E.

PART I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the Temple of Juno: Near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of Juno is seen to bow.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, INO, and
Chorus of Priests.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

BEHOLD! auspicious Flashes rise!
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odour swift ascends,
And see, the golden Image bends.

CHORUS.

*Lucky Omens bless our Rites,
And sure Success shall crown your Loves;
Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that she approves.*

Cadm.

Cadm.

Daughter, obey,
Hear and obey;
With kind Consenting
Ease a Parent's Care;
Invent no new Delay,

Atha. *O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;
On this auspicious Day,
Invent no new Delay.*

Hear -----

Cadm.

And obey -----

Both.

*Invent no new Delay,
On this auspicious Day.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

*Semele. [Apart.] Ah me!
What Refuge now is left me?
How various, how tormenting
Are my Miseries!
O Jove! assist me:
Can Semele forgo thy Love,
And to a Mortal's Passion yield?
Thy Vengeance will o'ertake
Such Perfidy.
If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.
O Jove! in Pity teach me which to choose,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.*

S O N G.

*The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat;
Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his Absence and Return.*

The Morning Lark, &c.

Atha.

Atha. See, she blushing turns her Eyes;
 See, with Sighs her Bosom panting:
 If from Love those Sighs arise,
 Nothing to my Bliss is wanting.

S O N G.

Hymen, *haste, thy Torch prepare,*
Love already his has lighted;
One soft Sigh has cur'd Despair,
And more than my past Pains requited.

Hymen, haste, &c.

Ino. Alas! she yields,
 And has undone me:
 I can no longer hide my Passion;
 It must have Vent ----
 Or inward Burning
 Will consume me.
O Athamas! ----
 I cannot utter it ----

Atha. On me Fair *Ino* calls
 With mournful Accent,
 Her Colour fading,
 And her Eyes o'erflowing.

Ino. O *Semele!*

Semele. On me she calls,
 Yet seems to shun me:
 What would my Sister?
 Speak ----

Ino. Thou hast undone me.

A Four-Part S O N G.

Cadm. Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our solemn Rites prophane?
Can He, or She thy Woes relieve?
Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?

Ino.

Ino. *Of all; but all I fear in vain.*

Atha. *Can I thy Woes relieve?*

Semele. *Can I assuage thy Pain?*

Cadm. }

Atha. } *Of whom dost thou complain?*

Semele. }

Ino. *Of all, but all I fear in vain.*

[Thunder is heard, and the Fire is extinguish'd on the Altar.]

Chorus of Priests.

*Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs!
Some God, averse, our holy Rites controlls;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden Night the Day expires!
Ill-boding Thunder on the right hand rolls.
And Jove himself descends in Show'rs,
To quench our late propitious Fires.*

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

[Flames are rekindled on the Altar.]

Again auspicious Flashes rise,
Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[The Fire is again extinguish'd.]

Again the sickly Flame decaying dies:
Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

Atha. *Thy Aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.*

Semele. [Apart.] *Thee, Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.*

[A loud Clap of Thunder, the Altar sinks.]

Chorus of Priests.

*Cease, cease your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed;
Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed:
This dreadful Conflict is of dire Presage;
Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending Rage.* [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

ATHAMAS and INO.

Atha. O *Athamas*, what Torture hast thou born!
 And O, what hast thou yet to bear!
 From Love, from Hope, from near Possession torn,
 And plung'd at once in deep Despair.

S O N G.

Ino. Turn, hopeless Lover, turn thy Eyes,
 And see a Maid bemoan;
 In flowing Tears and aching Sighs,
 Thy Woes too like her own.
 Turn, hopeless Lover, &c.

Atha. She weeps!
 The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,
 Weeps to behold my Misery!
 So *Semele* wou'd melt
 To see another mourn.

S O N G.

Your tuneful Voice my Tale would tell,
 In pity of my sad Despair;
 And with sweet Melody compel
 Attention from the flying Fair.
 Your tuneful Voice, &c.

Ino. Too well I see
 Thou wilt not understand me.
 Whence cou'd proceed such Tenderness?
 Whence such Compassion?
 Insensible! Ingrate! -----
 Ah no, I cannot blame thee:

For by Effects unknown before
 Who cou'd the hidden Cause explore ;
 Or think that Love cou'd act so strange a Part,
 To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart ?

Atha. Ah me, what have I heard !
 She does her Passion own.

D U E T.

Ino. *You've undone me ;
 Look not on me ;
 Guilt upbraiding,
 Shame invading,*

Atha. *With my Life I wou'd atone
 Pains you've born, to me unknown.
 Cease to shun me.*

Ino. *You've undone me ;*

Both. *Love, Love alone,
 Has both undone.*

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter CADMUS, attended.

Cadm. Ah, wretched Prince, doom'd to disastrous Love !
 Ah me, of Parents most forlorn !
 Prepare, O *Athamas* ! to prove
 The sharpest Pangs that e'er were born ;
 Prepare with me our common Loss to mourn.

Atha. Can Fate, or *Semele* invent
 Another, yet another Punishment ?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Cadm. Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haste,
 From *Juno's* Fane we fled ;
 Scarce we the brazen Gates had pass'd,
 When *Semele* around her Head
 With azure Flames was grac'd ;

Whose

Whose lambent Glories in her Tresses play'd.
 While this we saw with dread Surprise,
 Swifter than Light'ning downward tending,
 An Eagle stoop'd, of mighty Size,
 On purple Wings descending;
 Like Gold his Beak, like Stars shone forth his Eyes;
 His silver plummy Breast with Snow contending:
 Sudden he snatch'd the trembling Maid,
 And soaring from our Sight convey'd;
 Diffusing ever as he lessening flew
 Celestial Odour, and ambrosial Dew.
Atha. O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!
Ino. To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.

S C E N E IV.

Enter to them Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Cadm. See, see, *Jove's* Priests and holy Augurs come:
 Speak, speak, of *Semele* and me declare the Doom.

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Hail Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.

S O N G.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love,
Semele enjoys above;
On her Bosom Jove reclining,
Useless now his Thunder lies;
To her Arms his Bolts resigning,
And his Lightning to her Eyes.

CHORUS.

*Endless Pleasure, endless Love,
Semele enjoys above.*



PART II. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a pleasant Country.

JUNO and IRIS.

Juno.  RIS, impatient of thy Stay,
From *Samos* have I wing'd my Way,
To meet thy slow Return.

Iris. With all his Speed, not yet the Sun
Thro' half his Race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread Command
Have thrice encompass'd Sea and Land.

Juno. Say, where is *Semele's* Abode?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd*

Iris. Look where *Citheron* proudly stands,
Bæotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.
High on the Summit of that Hill,
Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eyes,
By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,
Behold a new-erected Palace rise.

SONG.

S O N G.

*There from Mortal Cares retiring,
 She resides in sweet Retreat;
 On her Pleasure, Jove requiring,
 All the Loves and Graces wait.*

There from, &c.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Juno. No more ---- I'll hear no more.
 Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
 Seize, destroy the cursed *Semele*.
 Scale proud *Citheron's* Top :
 Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
 And down to the Flood of *Acheron*
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall,
 Rolling down the Depths of Night,
 Never more to behold Light.
 If I th' imperial Scepter sway ----- I swear
 By Hell -----
 Tremble thou Universe this Oath to hear,
 Not one of curs'd *Agenor's* Race to spare.
Iris. Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
 What Obstacles you must surmount.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
 Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard;
 At each Approach they lash their forky Stings,
 And clap their brazen Wings :
 And as their scaly Horrors rise,
 They all at once disclose
 A thousand fiery Eyes
 Which never know Repose.

S O N G.

SONG.

Juno.

Hence, Iris, hence away,
 Far from the Realms of Day;
 O'er Scythian Hills to the Meotian Lake
 A speedy Flight we'll take:
 There Somnus I'll compel
 His downy Bed to leave, and silent Cell:
 With Noise and Light I will his Peace molest,
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing Rest,
 'Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
 And seals with Sleep the wakeful Dragons Eyes.

Hence, Iris, &c.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in the Palace of SEMELE, she is sleeping,
 Loves and Zephirs waiting. Semele awakes and rises.

SONG.

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
 Why thy Visionary Joys remove?
 O Sleep again deceive me,
 To my Arms restore my wand'ring Love.

S C E N E III.

To them enter JUPITER.

Semele. Let me not another Moment
 Bear the Pangs of Absence;
 Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,
 No more afflict me
 With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealousies.

SONG.

S O N G.

Jupiter. *Lay your Doubts and Fears aside,
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this Human Shape I wear,
Think not I Man's Falshood bear.*

Lay your Doubts, &c.

----- I was not absent;
You are Mortal, and require
Time to rest and to repose.

I was not absent,
While Love was with thee

I was present:
Love and I are one.

S O N G.

Semele. *With fond Desiring,
With Blifs expiring,
Panting,
Fainting,*

*If this be Love, not you alone
But Love and I are one.*

*Causeless doubting,
Or despairing,
Rashly trusting,
Idly fearing,
If this be Love, not you alone
But Love and I are one.*

With fond desiring, &c.

Chorus of Loves and Zephirs.

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
And what Joy the Nymph's Appearing
After Absence or Despair!*

Semele.

Semele. ----- Ah me!

Jupiter. Why sighs my *Semele*?

What gentle Sorrow
Swells thy soft Bosom?
Why tremble those fair Eyes
With interrupted Light?
Where hov'ring for a Vent,
Amidst their humid Fires,
Some new-form'd Wish appears.
Speak, and obtain.

Semele. At my own Happiness
I sigh and tremble;
For I am Mortal,
Still a Woman;
And ever when you leave me,
Tho' compass'd round with Deities
Of *Loves* and *Graces*,
A Fear invades me,
And conscious of a Nature
Far inferior,
I seek for Solitude,
And shun Society.

Jupiter. [*Apart.*] Too well I read her Meaning,
But must not understand her:
Aiming at Immortality
With dangerous Ambition.

S O N G.

*I must with speed amuse her;
Lest she too much explain,
It gives the Lover double Pain,
Who hears his Nymph complain,
And hearing, must refuse her.*

I must, &c.
Chorus

Chorus of Loves and Zephyrs.

*Now Love that everlasting Boy invites
To revel while you may in soft Delights.*

Jupiter. By my Command,
Now at this Instant,
Two winged Zephyrs
From her downy Bed
Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear,
And both together,
Waft her hither,
Thro' the balmy Air.

Semele. Shall I my Sister see!
The dear Companion
Of my tender Years.

Jupiter. See, she appears,
But sees not me;
For I am visible
Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,
And with Welcomes greet her.
Now all this Scene shall to *Arcadia* turn,
The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains;
There, without Rage of Jealousy, they burn,
And taste the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

S O N G.

*Where'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a Shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise;
And all things flourish where you turn your Eyes.
Where'er, &c.*

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

SEMELE, INO, *and Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.*

Semele. Dear Sister, how was your Passage hither?

Ino. O'er many States and peopled Towns we pass'd,
O'er Hills and Valleys, and o'er Desarts waste;
O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholesome Fens,
And Woods, where Beasts inhabit dreadful Dens.
Thro' all which pathless Way our Speed was such,
We stop'd not once the Face of Earth to touch.
Mean time they told me, while thro' Air we fled,
That *Jove* did thus ordain.

Accompany'd.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In Ecstasy of Sound.

How on a sudden the still Air is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!
And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

D U E T.

*Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,
Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
And all in Chorus join.*

C H O R U S.

*Bless the glad Earth with heav'nly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal Accents raise,
That all appear Divine.*

P A R T



P A R T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Cave of Sleep, the God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard afterwards.*

JUNO and IRIS appear.

Juno.  OMNUS, awake,
 Raise thy reclining Head.
 Iris. Thyself forsake,
 And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

S O N G.

Somnus waking. *Leave me, loathsome Light.
 Receive me, silent Night.
 Lethe, why does thy ling'ring Current cease?
 O murmur, murmur me again to Peace.* [Sleeps again.

Iris. Dull God, canst thou attend the Water's fall,
 And not hear Saturnia call?

Juno. Peace Iris, Peace, I know how to charm him,
 Pasithea's Name alone can warm him.

Somnus, arise!
 Disclose thy tender Eyes;
 For Pasithea's Sight
 Endure the Light.
 Somnus, arise!

S O N G.

Somnus. *More sweet is that Name
 Than a soft purling Stream;
 With Pleasure Repose I'll forsake,
 If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.*

More sweet, &c.

Juno.

Juno. My Will obey,
 She shall be thine.
 Thou, with thy softer Pow'rs,
 first *Jove* shall captivate:
 To *Morpheus* then give order,
 Thy various Minister,
 That with a Dream in Shape of *Semele*,
 But far more beautiful,
 And more alluring,
 He may invade the sleeping Deity;
 And more to agitate
 His kindling Fire,
 Still let the Phantom seem
 To fly before him,
 That he may wake impetuous,
 Furious in Desire;
 Unable to refuse whatever Boon
 Her Coyness shall require.
Somn. I tremble to comply.
Juno. To me thy leaden Rod resign,
 To charm the Centinels
 On Mount *Citheron*,
 Then cast a Sleep on mortal *Ino*:
 That I may seem her Form to wear,
 When I to *Semele* appear.

D U E T.

Juno. Obey my Will, thy Rod resign,
 And *Pasithea* shall be thine.
Somn. All I must grant, for all is due
 To *Pasithea*, Love, and You.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S E M E L E.

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S C E N E II.

An Apartment. SEMELE alone.

S O N G.

*My racking Thoughts by no kind Slumbers freed,
But painful Nights do joyful Days succeed.*

S C E N E III.

To her enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirrour in her Hand.

*Juno, apart.] Thus shap'd like Ino,
With Ease I shall deceive her,
And in this Mirrour she shall see
Herself as much transform'd as me.*

*To Semele.] Do I some Goddess see!
Or is it Semele?*

Semele. Dear Sister, speak,
Whence this Astonishment?

Juno. Your Charms improving
To Divine Perfection,
Shew you were late admitted
Amongst Celestial Beauties.

Has *Jove* consented?
And are you made Immortal?
Semele. Ah! no, I still am Mortal,
Nor am I sensible
Of any Change, or new Perfection.

A R I O S O.

*[Juno giving her the Glass.]
Behold in this Mirrour
Whence comes my Surprise,
Such Lustre and Terror
Unite in your Eyes;*

That

The STORY of

*That mine cannot fix on a Radiance so bright,,
'Tis unsafe for the Sense, and too slipp'ry for Sight.*

Semele. O Ecstasy of Happiness
Celestial Graces
I discover in each Feature!

S O N G.

*Myself I shall adore,
If I persist in gazing;
No Object sure before
Was ever half so pleasing.*

Myself, &c.

Juno. Be wise, as you are beautiful,
Nor lose this Opportunity.
When *Jove* appears
All ardent with Desire,
Refuse his proffer'd Flame
'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.

Semele. Can that avail me?
But how shall I attain
To Immortality?

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Juno. Conjure him by his Oath
Not to approach your Bed
In Likeness of a Mortal;
But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,
In Pomp of Majesty,
And heav'nly Attire;
As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,
And with ineffable Delights
Fills her encircling Arms,
And pays the Nuptial Rites.

You

You shall partake then of Immortality,
 And thenceforth leave this Mortal State
 To reign above
 Ador'd by *Jove*,
 In spite of jealous *Juno*'s Hate.

S O N G.

Semele. Thus let my Thanks be paid,
 Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
 And when I'm a Goddess made,
 With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.

Juno. Rich Odours fill the fragrant Air,
 And *Jove*'s Approach declare.
 I must retire -----

Semele. Adieu ----- your Counsel I'll pursue.

Juno, apart.] And sure Destruction will ensue.
 Vain wretched Fool -----
 Adieu. -----

[Exit.

S C E N IV.

Enter JUPITER to SEMELE.

S O N G.

Jupiter. Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
 Sooth my uneasy Care:
 In my Dream late I woo'd thee,
 And in vain I pursu'd thee,
 For you fled from my Pray'r,
 And bid me despair.

Come to my Arms, &c.

----- O *Semele*
 Why art thou thus insensible?

S O N G.

[SONG.]

Semele. *I ever am granting,
 You always complain;
 I always am wanting,
 Yet never obtain.*

Jupiter. *Speak, speak your Desire,
 Say what you require,
 I'll grant it -----*

Semele. *Swear by the Stygian Lake.*

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Jupiter. *By that tremendous Flood, I swear,
 Ye Stygian Waters, hear;
 And thou, Olympus, shake,
 In Witness to the Oath I take.*

[*Thunder is heard at a distance, and underneath.*]

Semele. *You'll grant what I require.*

Jupiter. *I'll grant what you require.*

Semele. *Then cast off this human Shape which you wear,
 And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear.*

Accompany'd.

Jupiter. *Ah, take heed what you press,
 For, beyond all Redress,
 Should I grant your Request I shall harm you.*

SONG.

S O N G.

Semele. *No no! I'll take no less
Than all in full Excess;
Your Oath it may alarm you,
Yet haste and prepare,
For I'll know what you are,
With all your Powers arm you.
No no! &c.*

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

J U P I T E R *pensive and dejected.*

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Ah! whither is she gone! unhappy Fair!
Why did she wish? ---- why did I rashly swear?
'Tis past, 'tis past recall,
She must a Victim fall.

Anon when I appear
The mighty Thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable Fire,
She needs must instantly expire.
'Tis past, &c.

My softest Lightning yet I'll try,
And mildest melting Bolt apply;
In vain ---- for she was fram'd to prove
None but the lambent Flames of Love.
'Tis past, &c.

The STORY of
S C E N E VI.

JUNO alone.

S O N G.

*Above measure
Is the Pleasure
Which my Revenge supplies.
Love's a Bubble
Gain'd with Trouble,
And in possessing dies.*

*With what Joy shall I mount to my Heav'n again,
At once from my Rival and Jealousy freed!
The Sweets of Revenge make it worth while to reign,
And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.*

Above measure, &c.

S C E N E VII.

*The Scene discovers Semele under a Canopy, leaning pensively :
She looks up, and sees Jupiter descending in a Cloud : Flashes
of Lightning issue from either side, and Thunder is heard.*

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Ah me! too late I now repent
My Pride and impious Vanity.
He comes! far off his Lightnings scorch me.
---- I feel my Life consuming :
I burn, I burn, I faint, for Pity I implore ----
O help, O help ---- I can no more ---- [She dies.

*[The Cloud bursts, and Semele with the Palace instantly
disappear.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, INO, and Chorus of Priests.

Ino. Of my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

All. O Terror and Astonishment!

C H O R U S.

*Nature to each allots his proper Sphere,
But that forsaken, we like Meteors err:
Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted Fire is lost in smoke.*

Ino. How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long a Trance withheld me.
But *Hermes* in a Vision told me

(As I have now related)

The Fate of *Semele*;
And added, as from me he fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* should wed.

Cadm. Be *Jove* in ev'ry thing obey'd. [*Joins their Hands.*]

Atha. Unworthy of your Charms myself I yield;
Be *Jove's* Commands and your's fulfill'd.

S O N G.

*Despair no more shall wound me,
Since you so kind do prove;
All Joy and Bliss surround me,
My Soul is tun'd to Love.*

Despair no more, &c.

Cadm. See from above the bellying Clouds descend,
And big with some new wonder this way tend.

S C E N E

S C E N E the L A S T.

A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron, which opening, discovers Apollo seated in it as the God of Prophecy.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Apollo. Apollo comes to relieve your Care,
And future Happiness declare.
From *Semele's* Ashes a Phoenix shall rise,
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:
A God He shall prove
More mighty than Love,
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.

C H O R U S.

*Happy, happy shall we be,
Free from Care, from Sorrow free;
Guiltless Pleasures we'll enjoy,
Virtuous Love will never cloy;
All that's Good and Fast we'll prove,
And Bacchus crown the Joys of Love.*

F I N I S.

